

THE
LION and FOX,
 OR, THE
MATCHIEVELIAN;
 A Satire.

A† E† A† D† R†
 S† E† E† S† Φιλοδμη©.

*As Israelites in Desarts when devour'd,
 Hung up a Serpent and by that were cur'd:
 Then ease thy Subjects by a Justice due,
 Be their just King, and great Physitian too;
 Expel the Poyson and their Sence restore,
 Hang the State Viper and we ask no more.*

P. Purg. State Melan.

When Avarice and Ambition meet together, in the Heart of one who is Wicked, and able enough to rob the Publick, and enrich himself with the Spoils of his Country; He can expect nothing less than a Resentment, proportionable to his Crimes.

L O N D O N:

Printed for, and Sold by the Author, 1735.
 Price One Shilling.

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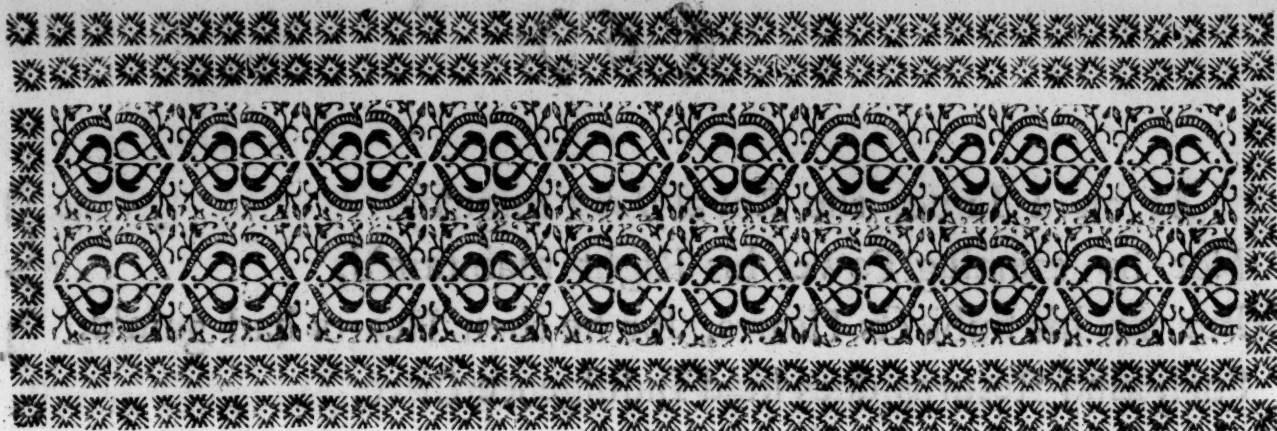
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T H E
L I O N and F O X,
O R T H E
M A T C H I E V E L I A N.



W H E N *Aesop's* eldest Born, first took his Birth
And scratch'd a Brilliant from his Mother Earth;
With scornful Eye, contemn'd the sparkling
Prize,
And sought more sordid Dunghils for Supplies,
To suit his Gust, took Wing and thither flies.

With such rude Stories did great *Aesop's* wit,
Lay Nature open, and profoundly writ.
On Birds and Beasts of various Species fram'd,
And lower Insects worthy to be nam'd.

As

As on a Time, the Royal *Lion* reign'd,
 Not by exerting Power his Right maintain'd,
 But in his Subjects Hearts, for he their Hearts had gain'd.
 Such kind Returns does kind Indulgence share,
 As Kings paternal to their Subjects are,
 Or shou'd be; — As this gentle Prince was known,
 None ever merited to wear the Crown;
 Of more Applause, than him who fill'd the Throne.

But Oh! The fatal Bane of Courts repose,
 Where Sychophants their Monarchs foible knows.
 By lurking Wiles perniciously daub'd o'er,
 And cringing Flattery to undermine safe Power.

So, if this Meteor of our Orb may dare,
 With the Supreme, in any Cause compare.
 The Spheres Celestial, once a Traytor had;
 Whose Arrogance, intestine Conflicts bred,
 But e'er the incend'ry Malice of his Gall,
 Burst, to the Deed that caus'd his dreadful Fall.
 In softest Speech, and Looks assum'd sedate;
 To blind and draw Destruction on the Great.
 'Till his own Creatures, ready arm'd appear,
 With strong Battalions for Rebellion dare;
 Against his Sovereign, wage an impious War.

But

But in the Onset with his Rebels fell,
And late perceiv'd, how dear he purchas'd Hell.

The Royal Den, was situate not far,
From where *Apollo* mounts, his golden Carr ;
And *Venus* oft triumphantly appear.
The Gardens sely on the *East* remains,
The *North* Side far extends o'er spacious Plains.
With rising Hills for hunting Sports are made,
The *Southern* Vast, and Vistas give the Shade ;
That on the *West* contains the grand Parade.
The Courts Politeness might with any vie,
Beauty and Wit were seen with ev'ry Eye.
All Arts of Merit great Advantage had,
And thro' the Realm, Encouragement to Trade.

As when a Merchant sends a Ship afar,
A coasting Trade, she strikes some boist'rous Bar.
Precipitately brave, she past it o'er,
And wisely piloted, obtains the Shore.
But there he finds the Markets over stor'd,
With such like Goods, these cou'd no Gain afford.
But as the skilful Captain was employ'd,
From Port to Port, and all Exchanges try'd ;

And

His Owners Profit as his own improv'd,
 And barter'd all, before the Freight was mov'd :
 Then hoisting Sails thro' Storms and Tempest past,
 Lab'ring for Life, and Life alone at last,
 Resolv'd to care for ; reach'd the wish'd for Coast.

Traffick of so much Hazard and of Care,
 The Royal Power never us'd severe ;
 Nor any Property ingross'd of Trade,
 But Customs, that by wholesome Laws were made.
 Nor Wars with other Nations in our Reign,
 To circumvent the Profit of the Main ;
 Yet were the Subjects disciplin'd to Arms,
 And with their Lives, would shield their King from Harms.
 But how can Myriads of Guards defend,
 Their much lov'd Lord, who has a traiterous Friend.

Reynard, whose Art with Roguery can sport,
 Had in a Vizor, got a Post at Court ;
 Where first he begg'd to lick the Royal Paws,
 Lest Dirt, or Pebbles might some Ulcers cause ;
 Next he presum'd to shew he knew the Laws.
 And had a Charm he likewise did pretend,
 Of Balsam in his Tongue, that did each Harm defend ;

Care of the sacred Person soon found Grace,
And such Allurements gain'd a higher Place.

As when some young Cadet, approach'd the Field,
Submissively to all Commands did yield ;
Subalterns then, with Honour he rever'd,
And higher Officers obey'd and fear'd ;
'Till gain'd his Generals love and was prefer'd.
From whose kind Hand the Ensign first he bore,
And hostile Actions shew'd, he cou'd use Power ;
'Till by Degrees, thro' all Commands but one,
Had pass'd, which was the Generals alone.
And the right Wing, in a pitch'd Battle led,
But when the Fight was hot, he at his Head ;
Turn'd from his Charge, and shot his Master dead.
The great Commission dropt, and to him as it fell ;
Who thought no Soldier ever fought so well.

Alas ! What Cruelty has not Ambition done,
Frauds, Malice, Murders, Empires overthrown.

But *Reynard* still persever'd in his Play,
Crept more in Favour, and got generous pay.
No Wag in Theatre more Mimicks had,
Than he, for every turn tho' ne'er so bad ;

B

Besides

Besides he had a dev'lish searching Eye,
 That who wou'd be his Men, cou'd soon descry,
 And so became a universal Spy.
 Yet under great restraint to some about the Crown,
 And took sure Measures how to pull 'em down :
 The Wise and Just, by no means cou'd deserve,
 Being unfit his Purposes to serve.

Honour, unspotted Fortunes, Frowns cant shake,
 Nor the World's Treasure, for a Bribe would take.

With Looks demure he to the King Complain'd,
 Insinuating, wondred how he Reign'd,
 When Dissaffected Ministers in Swarms,
 He really fear'd, devis'd some plotted Harms.
 Great Sir said he, if by too Pious Zeal,
 For your Dread self, I should too much reveal ;
 Forgive the sad Mistrust that's at my Heart,
 If you resolve not from some Friends to part.
 Here stop'd, and paus'd, and fetch'd some heavy Sighs,
 And silent sat, and seem'd to wipe his Eyes.
 His Master thank'd and urg'd him to declare,
 What Foes he had, and chiefly who they were ;
 That dar'd so Boldly double Faces Wear,

That

That I am all sincere Sir *Reynard* said,
 And had Ten Thousand Lives, should at your Feet be laid.
 A Patriot I am, above the rest,
 No profer'd Gains can move this solid Breast.
 Nor Racks nor Tortures e'er seduce me can,
 The *Wolf* in Gold beware's a dangerous Man.
 His Intricate Suggestions, well I know,
 With Ermin seeming tho' as white as Snow,
 An other Favourite Interception brings,
 Swift in Career as Crimson Stags with Wings.
 When Leopards Rear their Heads with fable chief,
 No good portends, my Liege, I must be brief.
 For from the Leopard's crested Head does flow,
 An adverse Judgment to the Parts I show.
 And in the great Divan, all that I urge ;
 His Tongue opposes, as a daily Scourge ;
 And positively can't be longer born,
 If he's not out, it must, shall be my Turn,
 Which as a Threat he spoke, the King comply'd ;
 They were at Court all Offices deny'd.
 With many more by Noble Actions fam'd,
 Who were for Value not Demerit blam'd.

Sir *Reynard* inward laugh'd, and hardly could refrain,
 From bursting out, but cunning check'd the Vein.
 Fell calmly to congratulate his Prince,
 For timely caring for his own Defence ;
 But who Sir may advise us shall Succeed,
 Said he had Kinsfolks, of extensive Breed;
 Such wou'd be faithful as my self to you,
 No sooner ask'd than granted, for his Crew.
 A whole Plantation full, that soon took Root,
 As Weeds will do, tho' trod by every Foot.
 Yet these in thriving Soil, his Purpose pleas'd,
 By Votes 'gainst Votes, his Obstacles were eas'd,
 And to the Summit of his Wishes rais'd

Thus our good Fox, who pious Maxims bore,
 The God, was Machiavel he did adore ;
 Who not by Justice rul'd, but arbitrary Power.
 But to obtain that in a Land born free,
 Make me but Lord Sir, of your Cash says he,
 The Dragon never safer watch'd the *Hesperian* Tree,

'Twas

'Twas granted, for the King saw no Offence,
 But thought that *Honi soit qui mal y pense* ;
 Sir *Reynard* wore it too, but in a different Sense.
 He claim'd that Title, as if rightly thought,
 Perdition sieze, who has Perdition wrought.
 Invention oft may err, and not design'd
 But when too vilest Schemes the Wits inclin'd,
 T'oppress, corrupt, and ruin all Mankind,

Premeditated Mischiefs, can do greater Harms,
 Than the World's Legions by offensive Arms.

Reynard resolv'd to trifle not an Hour,
 And since by Stratagem he had arriv'd to Power,
 In publick Tyranny he did behave,
 O'er Subjects who past Doubt he would enslave.

As when unwholesome Air a Land infest,
 By smallest Atoms rancour'd Ills depress'd,
 'Till past enduring, grows a raging Pest.
 O'er Death struck Mortals, who despairing lye,
 Promiscuous, tortur'd, in Distraction cry,
 And unwarn'd Multitudes, drop down and dye.

Those

Those that survive excessive Woes endure,
And seek all Means, that Science can procure,
Apply to Med'cines, but 'tis past their cure.

'Till looking back, their former Sins revoke,
And Consecrations on reared Altars smoke,
The Almighty Power offended, to invoke.
Their penitential Cries were heard above,
And soon accepted by all pitying Jove.
From whom an Angel with a Cenfor comes,
And dissipates the Stench, with Heavens Perfumes,

So but in Time, the Genius of that Land,
Did the impending Ruin take in Hand,
Espous'd the Nations Cause, and fought a Countermand.
Against a Scheme of such pernicious Weight,
That must inevitably been the Nations Fate.

EXCISE he call'd it, but a Project laid,
To strike at the Foundation of the Trade.
On two main Branches, first was his Demand,
But if they had submitted, in that Land,
What wou'd have escap'd his avaritious Hand:

All the grand Merchandize, they did import,
 With Foreign Ventures, that did there resort.
 Soon wou'd they fly, and take their Cargo thence,
 Natives would follow, in their own Defence.
 To some Coasts freer from Oppression blest'd,
 Where with content of honest Gains possess'd,
 Their Labours yielding them a quiet Rest.

But that's not all, what cou'd the Meaner do,
 Who all Commotions must be subject to ;
 Their humble Bank, alas! can't bear 'em thence,
 Which rich abandon, on the first Pretence.
 But worser yet, that on the Poor attends,
 When to each Loaf of Bread, EXCISE descends ;
 For he embolden'd by the first firmounts,
 To all that's to be got, to swell his vast Accounts.

But here, Oh! Stop my Muse, and leave my Tears,
 To vent a while, what meer compassion bears,
 For the most wretched State, the unhappy Poor,
 Wanting, and shiftless in the Times before.

Here my Blood chills, and stagnates in my Veins,
 And Natures self must sure partake of Pains.

And

And send Her help to inspire the Just and Wise,
To assist against a general EXCISE.

If not, Oh ! Where's Reward for Virtue gone,
When each Man's Labour might be call'd his own.
Whether the great Adventurers of their all,
Or struggling Fortune, tho' their Stock's but small.
Yet equally at Stakes, and must deserve,
A better Fate than to be robb'd and starve ;
Then how can labouring Hands that toil for Bread,
Pay an EXCISE with what they shou'd be fed.

Learning and Arts must fall, Valour decay,
And Thousands of *Excisemen* kept in pay ;
Harpyes of the State, if such the State cou'd need,
May Heavens avert, that it shou'd e'er succeed.

But the fell Mischief may be stopp'd in Time,
As when a Gangreen, first infects a Limb ;
No Speck discern'd, it spreads thro' every Part,
And in an Instant, mortifies the Heart.
The Patient then's past all Redemption gone,
But if in Time a Surgeon can discern,

The

The putrid Gland, with diligence and care,
A quick Incision, stops it going far,
And healing Stipticks for the Cure prepare.

Reynard most furly even at being jok'd,
Was vapour'd by the Balk, and almost choak'd ;
Though he'd a Heart inflexible as Stone,
To others Woes, but Crosses of his own,
Disturb him much, 'till rous'd by a new Trick,
And feign'd a Frolick to be very sick.

The melancholly News in swift Report,
Was on a sudden sent to grieve the Court ;
Whose kind Condolance, did a Message send,
Fearing to lose, alas so good a Friend.
And Majesty himself, soon humbly came,
To visit, and to know if ought he'd name ;
It shou'd be granted, and sitting on the Bed,
He ask'd the Doctor how his Patient did ;
Who lowly bow'd, and shook his skilful Head.
Said Sovereign Liege, this Night a Crisis tell,
But now the Sympton's what I find not well,

Taught by the *Fox*, the Doctor play'd his Part,
 And said, I fear there's something lay'd at Heart.
 The King his Master, ask'd if it was so,
 Sir *Reynard* answer'd, nought, Sir that I know ;
 Only my Thoughts in Agitations hurl'd,
 As Penitents are all, when they must leave this World.
 Yet for my Offsprings sake, one Grant I crave,
 That they be Noble, when I'm in my Grave ;
 And the short Time, that I'm a Sinner here,
 The Title Sir, you wou'd on me confer ;
 And told the King, the Province that he meant,
 Lay vacant in the *North* of vast extent.
 'Twas given, and as prue a Face he had on,
 As ever Whore at christning had worn,
 And held it groaning, 'till the King was gon.
 Then from his Bed, in merry Mood he sprung,
 And many pretty Fancies said and sung,
 Since I'm his Grace, I find my self grown Young.

Oh how was Royal Goodness here abus'd,
 The King impos'd on, Subjects all misus'd ;
 A Tyrant, a Divester of the State,
 And greater grown, since he was grown so great.

Into the Country, the Court a Hunting came,
 The King and *Reynard*, straying from the Game;
 Thinking the Chase, they by the Sound might dodge,
 Did on a sudden spy, a Peasants Lodge.

On a fair Hillock, pastoral and serene,
 Where Nature in her artless Charms was seen;
 And all around was in the neighbouring Groves,
 Harmonious consort of the warbling Loves;
 Whilst down the Verges, Zephyrs thro' Willows sing,
 Cool chrystal Rivulets, from the Mountains spring.

With pleasure and surprize, they gaz'd around,
 And thought each Platt, to be Celestial Ground.
 That as a Paradise, was there convey'd,
 The lovely Object, of a beatious Maid,
 With *Venus* Charms, her Charms she might compare,
 Her Features lovely, Skin as Lillies fair;
 With Roses mix'd, and Flaxin Curls her Hair.
 Fine was her Shape, her Air of sweetness made,
 Modest the Dress, with which she was array'd;
 And all Perfections center'd in the Maid.

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Blest in her Virgin Bloom, with Innocence intire,
 Nor to augment her Fortune did aspire,
 The Lord of that fair Tenement her Sire ;
 Who lov'd and bred her with peculiar care,
 Since Heaven adopted her, his only Heir.

From Hunters Darts, the affrighted Dear may run,
 But Beauties Arrows, who has Power to shun ;
 Captives in love revers'd, they hug their Chains,
 And this was felt thro' all the Royal Veins ;
 For the first Glance convey'd the fatal Dart,
 And there the Lover gaz'd away his Heart ;
 Sir *Reynard*, likewise felt the pleasing Smart.

But unperceiv'd, as Fraud within his Brains,
 The King not so, strait confest his Pains ;
 Which not his Diadem, cou'd ward or help his Fear,
 With which he fought, and first approach the Fair :
 From whose Returns, but trivial Hopes cou'd get,
 Though Majesty, lay prostrate at her Feet ;
 And only Favour that from him she bore ;
 Was of a Diamond which his Finger wore.

That

That as an Instance of his love he gave,
 Which she with Blushes, hardly cou'd receive,
 And to repeat his Visits, gain'd her Father's leave
 Then bid adieu with speed the Chase to find,
 But found to soon he had left his Heart behind.

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The *Fox* advis'd the Monarch to desist,
 And the Amour he might to him intrust;
 In Letters Sir, your Overtures you'll show,
 And I, your Envoy to the Nymph will go.

For as the *Lion* is with awe array'd,
 That awful mien is dreadful to the Maid;
 I too, of your illustrious Praise can tell,
 And that your Honour does the World excell.

The King embrac'd, and begg'd him o'er and o'er,
 By all the Love that he his King e'er bore;
 To plead his Passion, and his Peace restore.
 In reiterated Guilt, he firm allegiance vow'd,
 The scepter'd Paw he kiss'd, took leave and lowly bow'd,
 But out of Presence, laugh'd at it aloud.

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Then

Then swift as Air, he hasted to the Farm,
 And told the Fair, 'twas to prevent her Harm;
 That he a Visit so abruptly made,
 For tho' the *Lyon* was his Master, said,
 Yet Honour was of greater Weight by far,
 Then what his Power, could on him confer,
 And in his conscious Crimes he ne'er wou'd share.

Thus spoke Sir *Ren.* that if the Fair denies,
 He has sworn to ravage Beauty for a Prize;
 Let the sad Consequence be what it will,
 His base Desires he will e'er long fulfil;
 Though I'm commission'd not to let you know,
 Yet Heavens forbid, I shou'd be guilty so.

The affrighted Nymph to Heaven rear'd her Eyes,
 And Heaven explor'd to hear her suppliant Cries;
 'Till with Discretion than her Fathers mild,
 At the Report, and pacify'd his Child.

He saw the Snake though finely spangled o'er,
Reynard resum'd, and by his Honour swore,
 They wou'd with ease divest the Tyrant's Power.

Seem

Seem to consent most sweet of all your Sex;
 And one Demand you as a Favour ask;
 Which his too amorous Soul will ready grant,
 That is, his murdering Teeth; you may transplant,
 And his voracious Nails be par'd away,
 Which done defy his making you a Prey.

Thus when his Power is gone which I will gain,
 The Crown I'm sure, with ease I may obtain;
 Then coaxing of her Father did begin,
 Said Sire, your Daughter then shall be my Queen.
 O think what Charms we shall in her behold,
 When Brilliant like, she is attir'd in Gold.
 And next ourselves, the greatest you shall be,
 Only your Promise grant unworthy me.

The Father wisely with his Daughter said,
 All his Desires shou'd strictly be obey'd,
 Big with the Hopes, our Foe his exit made.
 When Roguery approach'd a Cell,
 Where honest Clemency, and Vertue dwell;
 With what Abhorrence, must they Treason view,
 And more abhorr'd seem, seem conspire too.

And

And worst of Consequence had Cause to fear,
 Since such an Accident shou'd happen there ;
 Awhile they talk of every Motive o'er,
 And then advis'd what safety to procure.

And to the Sentiments her Father said,
 In filial Duty the obsequious Maid ;
 Assented, promis'd, and his Rules obey'd.
 The reverend Sage, said Child with cautious Care,
 We must against this mighty Ill prepare,
 For since the Traytor once has laid a Snare ;
 And some must by the fatal Mischief fall,
 Whether the King alone, or you, or both, or all ;
 Or him, better with Justice he may suffer now,
 We'll let the King the implicit Treason know.

Freighted with Treason, *Reynard* to Court return'd,
 With the Preliminaries, at which he mourn'd,
 But ^{Such} Demands he said, his Master scorn'd ;
 Yet all the while her Beauties scand with Art,
 That wou'd inflam'd, a colder Lover's Heart.

The King was stun'd, yet shew'd of no surprize,
 But talk'd of News arriv'd from his Allies,
 Of great Importance in the Nation's right,
 And gave him Orders, that whole Day to write.

Mean while incognito with speed and care,
 He went himself to enquire of the Fair;
 Where welcomely receiv'd within the Hall,
 The honest Sire and Virgin, told him all.

Oh ! Heavens, reply'd the King, if this to me,
 In what Oppression must my Subjects be ;
 But let us hush, since your obliging care,
 Has for my Safety, done so much, beware,
 To Morrow Morning, I'll dispatch him here ;
 With some few Jewels that I'll send to you,
 And be my self within your House perdue ;
 Mean time you work his Treason to the Height,
 And out of Doors, an Ambuscade shall wait ;
 Then when I give the Signal, my good Sire attend,
 Step to the Door, and beckon with your Hand ;
 Nor will I come alone, but bring a better Friend ;

D

Till

'Till then adieu, but with Regret I part,
For be assur'd, with you, I leave my Heart.

Then at his Court the King with Speed arriv'd,
With usual sweetness, and lost Hopes reviv'd ;
He sent for *Reynard* to attend his Will,
And told him he wou'd see another Mail,
'Till then to let the State Affairs stand still.
And turn your Policies another Way,
To ease my Heart, that cannot brook Delay.
For anxious Hours, like Ages prove,
To them that suffer by the Power of Love ;

But be as just in this as in the rest,
Sir Reynard swore, and struck his perjur'd Breast,
He'd be as faithful, as he wou'd be bless'd.
Enough, the King reply'd, I know my Friend,
And to the Nymph, I must some Jewels send,
If you have skill in Bribes, you'll know how far,
They go in Love, as they can stop a War.

Reynard said, Sir, my conduct when express'd,
The King said that will be, when I shall see you next ;

And

And in the cool of Morning make your Way,
 Those shall be ready, e'er the dawn of Day;
 And parted so, for ever as they sped,
 The King for Council, took the *Leopard's* Head;
 And with him too, to hear what *Reynard* said.

Where in good Time arriv'd, and safely plac'd,
 While posted Guards obscure, the House embrac'd.
 The *Fox* exulting soon brought up the Rear,
 No Danger seeing, he saw nought to fear;
 But in bold Repetitions added more,
 Than all the Treason he had said before;
 Nor nam'd the Jewels, which convinc'd the King,
 To what Destruction, he'd his Nation bring;
 And satisfied, the Larum of his Watch,
 Struck as the Signal to the prime Attach.

The King appear'd, and *Leopard* by his Side,
 The Guards rush'd in, and loud high Treason cry'd;
 The Villain seiz'd, and bound, to Prison led,
 And for his Merit soon he lost his Head.

The King was soon compos'd, as when a Storm arise,
 And angry Clouds presume to black the Skies.

Its fury raging on resenting Seas,
 And Earth and Air, the Shock with Terror seize;
 'Till from an higher Power an Order came,
 To stop the Havock, and command a Calm;
 So did this Monarch, his wrack'd Land redeem,
 And after that was held in great Esteem;
 While Celebrations round the Realm did ring,
 Of Praise and Thanks, to their illustrious King.

But there's a Debt remains, as that we Nature owe,
 And all must pay, when she demands her due;
 So judg'd the King, with an immense reward,
 And to high Posts of Honour too preferr'd,
 Who hazarded his own, his Life to guard.
 Took to his Arms, the venerable Man,
 And to the Daughter, new address began;
 But all in vain, for she wou'd never yield,
 Tho' to a King, to whom she'd been a Shield;
 Nor was his Person, what she e'er abhor'd,
 Yet to desist, engag'd his Royal Word.
 That what he once admir'd he now ador'd;
 And saw her Virtue, now in brighter Charms,
 Than was her Beauty, if possess'd his Arms.

While

While her Discretion, on the Monarch wrought,
 And the Sire's Honour harbour'd in his Thought,
 Various Conjectures to his Fancy brought;
 How so much Excellence was center'd there,
 Where the most rustick Manners usual are;
 'Till on the elder Face, with steddy Eyes,
 He gaz'd a while, a while stood in surprize;
 Who then perceiv'd, he to the King was known,
 Confess'd himself, and at his Feet fell down;
 And begg'd for pardon, as a banish'd Man,
 At which the King, some Tears cou'd not refrain,
 But rais'd, and took him to his Arms again.

My Lord, says he, then can you so forgive,
 That 'tis by you, and only you I live;
 I that permitted you to be undone,
 The King transported, farther had gone on;
 But the good Peers, great Prudence interpos'd,
 And told him, gracious Heaven had so dispos'd;
 To clear his Innocence, that had been falsly charg'd,
 And vile Aspersions, even 'till now enlarg'd.
 Did a most grateful Fate, for all his Sufferings bring,
 To let him live to serve, and save his King.

This

This pious Lord from noble Lineage came,
 And e'er preserv'd a pure conspicuous Fame,
 Whom the late *Reynard*, under Hand betray'd,
 By an Impeachment, for high Treason lay'd,
 And to perpetual Banishment was drove,
 But guided by the unerring Hand of Jove;
 To that well chose Recluse, with a small hor'd,
 And now to his past Dignity's restor'd.

Thus the just Care of Heaven, Deserts attend,
 And Heaven rewards, who will not Heaven offend.

F I N I S.



